

THE LIGUORIAN



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HOW THEY LIKE US

"Every number of The Liguorian is enjoyed. And I know too that it has helped me spiritually."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

JULY, 1926

No. 7

To Christ the King

To Christ the King!
Oh glorious cry!
Proclaim it wide from shore to shore;
And let Him reign forever more—
Ye Children of His love.
Let Faithful hearts in every land
From frozen north to coral strand,
In every tongue their voices raise
To swell the thunderous hymn of praise—
In grateful meed of joy and pride
To Christ our King—
Once Crucified—
Who reigns on high.

To Christ Our King!
Though death and hell
And unbelief with mighty power
Should rage and struggle hour by hour,
Still He alone shall reign.
In vain their monumental stone—
Their victory forever gone.
The Rock on which His Kingdom stands
Hath burst for aye their hellish bands.
So let the mighty anthem roll
To Christ our King—
From heart and soul—
His praises swell.

To Christ Our King!
Let His domain
From outer spaces still extend
Where orb on orb roll without end
To Shine upon His Crown.
He is our King—Our Lord of light
And He shall reign—'tis His by right.
Let myriad hosts their praises sing
And let the high empyrean ring
To Him who died for us of yore.
To Christ our King—
Forever more—
His love proclaim.

—Bro. Reginald, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

ONE SUNDAY MORNING

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The time was Sunday morning, just after the eight-thirty Mass, the place, the front steps of St. Mary's Church, the *dramatis personae*, a crowd of typical American "loud speakers" crowding about Father Casey and tumbling over their words in order to get in some particularly witty remark.

"Father, I could tell you a sad story of how you lost out on a nickel for the collection this morning," cried one of the young men. "Charley here was a witness. He can relate all the harrowing details."

"Old Simon!" Charley hastened to state. "Under some overpowering impulse of grace, he had fully determined—I could swear to it—to part with five cents, for the glory of God and the good of the church. Tom and I watched him for five minutes searching for the desired coin in a big bag of silver. But he couldn't locate that nickel. And, therefore, before the collection box reached him, he had put the bag away with one of those sighs—you know—that says so audibly: 'It hurts me more than it does you, but, owing to circumstances over which I have no control—'"

"Who was the bird, Father, that passed the basket on our side? I can't recollect ever having seen him before."

"I know somebody that will recollect having seen him," interposed Ralph; that is Isolda Larken. She could have slain him in cold blood. He ushered her to a place where she was wedged in between two fat Hungarians. Isolda kept getting madder and madder, and the madder she got, the oftener she powdered her nose. I'll bet she used a peck. Another session like that, and we'll lose Isolda with an acute attack of chalk on the lungs."

"Oh, boy!" cried Elmer, "did you see the Carey girls with—" Here Robert tramped on his toe to remind him that he was talking to the priest. Elmer added lamely: "They sure were dolled up."

"Hello, fellows. Good morning, Father." Thus Martin Stead announced his coming as he breezed into the circle.

"Good morning, Martin," replied the priest. "Were you at the show, too?"

"Show? What show, Father?"

"The show the rest of these young men took in this morning."

Puzzled Martin could only gape at his companions with a bewildered look of inquiry. Seeing, however, that no explanation was forthcoming, he dropped the matter and began to prattle away.

"No, I wasn't at any show this morning. I was at Mass. Say, you should have seen Myrtle making eyes at that young widower from Heinrichs and Heinrichs. Take it from me, Myrtle will get him, if—he—don't—watch—out."

"What? Myrtle? I thought she had passed the vamp age years and years ago," cried Ralph.

"Passed it! Ralph, me boy, they don't pass it until they pass into the great beyond."

"You see, Father Casey, Martin was at the show just as well as the rest of us." Tom had not failed to catch the significance of the priest's remark. He smarted under it just a little, since a moment's self-examination had showed him that it was exactly to the point. Misery loves company, and so he jumped at the chance of showing up Martin, too.

"What's all this talk about a show?" demanded Martin petulantly. "If it's a catch, I'll be the goat. Come on. What am I expected to ask? What show? Where was the show?"

"You are the goat, all right—one of them at least," retorted Tom. "Father Casey maintains that our whole bunch is a drove of goats meandering into the church on Sunday mornings to chew tin cans while the faithful sheep are being nourished with wholesome food."

"But the show?" persisted Martin.

"That's the why and the wherefore of the goat. He says good people look upon Mass as a holy and sacred thing, while we look upon it as a show. We spend our time trying to find something to divert our minds, while they raise their minds to God in prayer. And who of us can truthfully say that Father Casey is wrong?"

Martin was silent. Tom's blunt statement had given him food for thought. Ralph, however, spoke up.

"At least, Father, we go to church. You must give us credit for that."

"So did the Pharisees go to church. Do you know anything about the Pharisees?"

"A rotten lot, so far as I remember," answered Ralph.

"Rotten is the right word," said the priest. "That is just what our Divine Saviour called them. Whited sepulchres—outside beautiful, but within, full of dead men's bones and all filthiness. Do you know what he meant by that?"

"He meant that all their religion was on the outside, I guess."

"Precisely. Now, let us picture to ourselves an imaginary young man. All this young man's religion consists in going to church on Sunday. While he is in church, he looks at anything and everything but the altar. He looks at a fly on a man's bald head, a baby pulling its daddy's whiskers, or at some of these good but foolish girls who cannot genuflect before the Blessed Sacrament without making a show of themselves. He thinks of anything and everything except the Holy Sacrifice at which he is assisting. He thinks of dances and movies and carburetors and chili con carne and hootch and a thousand other irrelevant things—if he is not thinking thoughts that are actually sinful. And that same young man would thrust out his chest and proudly tell the unregenerate that he practices his religion."

"Imaginary, did you say, Father? I guess we could name a few honest-to-goodness young men who would fit that description," said Tom.

The others said nothing, but grinned a sickly grin.

"Here is one that is going to do different from now on," protested Charley.

"What means are you going to use?" asked Father Casey.

"Means? No means in particular; I'm just going to do it, that's all."

"I admire your faith, Charley, more than I commend your prudence," was the priest's comment.

"Why my faith?"

"Because you expect a miracle."

"I didn't say anything about a miracle."

"Oh, yes, you did. You said you intend to come into the church just as Mass is beginning—or a few minutes late, and stand or sit idle through the service, as you always do, and you expect to avoid distracting looks and thoughts. That is expecting a miracle."

"What would you have us do?"

"If you stop to think of what Holy Mass is, you will see at once

what you ought to do. Holy Mass is the same sacrifice as the sacrifice of Calvary. Jesus Christ, your God, is offering Himself for you, to atone for your sins, to enable you to pay the debt of adoration and gratitude you owe your Creator, to obtain for you the graces you need so much for soul and body. If you want to assist reverently at this sublime act, you will make it an invariable rule to be kneeling in the pew at least a few minutes before Mass begins in order to recall to mind the importance of the sacred act you are about to perform. During Mass you will attend to what the priest is doing and try to keep yourself united in mind and heart with Jesus Christ who is offering Himself for you on the altar. The only practical way for you to do this is to have a prayer book—and use it. In the prayer book you will find a prayer to be said before Mass begins. Read this prayer attentively. It will put you in the proper frame of mind to assist at Mass. Then you will find a prayer to be said while the priest is at the foot of the altar, a prayer when he ascends the steps, a prayer while he recites the Kyrie, while he offers the bread and wine, while he reads the Latin gospel, while he repeats the most sublime words of the Consecration, and so on. Thus, with the help of the prayer book and your own good will, you can follow, step by step, the details of the service, and you will think and feel just as you ought to think and feel, during this adorable sacrifice. But if you come late and neglect to use a prayer book, if you remain outside thinking and talking about vain, worldly things until Mass begins, and then go in a few minutes late and simply stay there, perhaps with your back against the rear wall gazing idly about, you cannot hear Mass reverently. It is impossible.”

“I believe you are right, Father, but I have a difficulty. How is it that some of the best people, like Jack Rogan, for instance, who goes to Mass every day, or old lady Munroe, who is a living saint, never use a prayer book? Surely they hear Mass well.”

“Those who keep constantly in mind that they are living in the presence of God and who, by a good intention and ardent charity, make their whole life a prayer, do not need the help of a prayer book to assist devoutly at Mass. Holy Mass means so much to them, they prize it so highly and love it so dearly, they have such a vivid realization of God’s presence there on the altar, their own heart will suggest to them the best prayers to say during each succeeding part. They understand too well the awful solemnity of this sacred act to turn their

attention to anything else during the Holy Sacrifice. When you young men are that far advanced, you won't need a prayer book either. Until that desired day arrives, use a prayer book."

The big bell of St. Mary's boomed out its call to the ten o'clock Mass. They all felt they had a duty to do. Tom was man enough to come out boldly and say so.

"Boys, I'm going back into the church. At eighty-thirty I attended a show; now I am going to assist at Mass."

"Fine boys," murmured Father Casey to himself as he went around to the sacristy to get the gospel book. "Fine boys, but they sometimes fall into careless habits."

THE CALL OF DUTY

On May 14, 1859, Bishop Bresillac and four priests arrived from Brest, France, at Freetown harbor, West Africa. They were to take charge of the mission there. An epidemic of yellow fever, the most deadly ever experienced in the colony, was raging at the time. The Captain of the vessel on which the missionaries were passengers, vigorously opposed their landing.

"You are going," he said, "to certain death."

"But this is my diocese," replied the Bishop. "Can I remain away when my ministry is so sorely needed? Should we not share the fate of our flocks?"

And with sublime imprudence the five disembarked. Within a few weeks they were martyrs.

"It is not a coincidence that our leaders in every walk of life are persons of courage and decision—in other words, doers."—*Palmer York*.

Sanctity and celibacy is one combination; celibacy and selfishness is quite another.

"Sulky people, you may have remarked, always appear to be ten years older than they really are."

Amusements, like all other things, have their proper time.

The Student Abroad

A JEWEL OF ITALY

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

About two hours' distance away from Rome, by fast express, behind the wall of mountains that flanks the Roman Campagna to the north, lies or rather perches the ancient hill-city of Orvieto. Though it is located squarely on the route used by tourists traveling from Rome to Florence, it is rarely listed on the program of the travelers. Time is too short and there is too much to be "done." Museums, art galleries, churches, ruins, and famous cities have to be visited at least long enough to permit the tourist to send a souvenir post card home as evidence of the extent of his meanderings or to jot a note in his diary as a reminder of his visit. And yet, it is just such towns that must be visited if the traveler is to become really acquainted with the spirit of the country he is visiting. One of the bad features of the "beaten path" is that the constant wear of tourist travel tends to modify if not indeed to efface some of the typical characteristics of a place.

Fortunately, St. Thomas Aquinas was located in Orvieto when he was called upon to compose the office for the then newly instituted feast of Corpus Christi. And fortunately, too, the Dominican Fathers in Rome, thought of Orvieto as a fitting objective for this year's pilgrimage. And again, fortunately, the day selected fitted in perfectly with the program of classes in the other universities of Rome, thus allowing a goodly number of students of various colleges and orders to take advantage of the invitation extended them and pay a visit to this, the jewel-city of central Italy.

The dignified central station of Rome does not often witness a sight such as took place one bright, cool morning in mid-April. It was the gathering of the clans with a vengeance. A special train awaited them; fifteen minutes before the time scheduled for departure, each car was the center of a swirling crowd in which the white and black habits of the Dominicans, naturally preponderating, the various uniforms of the colleges and the habits of other orders gave the scene a brilliance in keeping with the occasion. And the languages! Italian, French, German, Spanish, Polish, Bohemian, English and—good old United States. And to complete the satisfaction of everyone at such an auspicious beginning, the train left on time.

A short run across the Campagna and the train began to climb into the foothills of the Sabine range—the setting of the jewel. Mountains are mountains no matter where they are found in the world, and it may be added, plains and meadows are likewise very much the same. But the combination of mountain and meadow; there is the secret of the eternal variety that lends delight to travel. And so it was here. A rather uneven skyline, though not too jagged to jar the peaceful impression of the scene, formed the background for rows of smaller mountains and hills extending toward the foreground; weather-scarred ravines and abrupt declivities, often bare of any verdure, stood out in grim, emphatic contrast against the new, fresh green of the farmlands, cultivated to the very limit. And in graceful curves, like a big silver serpent, the Tiber picks an uncertain path across the landscape, apparently having fallen under the spell of the region at least for the present, till later when it reaches Rome, it turns to the west and taking up its duties as a serious adult river, flows on straight to the west and the sea. Distance certainly lends enchantment, for when our train passes directly over the Tiber later on in the journey, we see that it is far from silvery; in fact it looks like a close relative of the Mississippi and it takes all the spell-weaving of a confirmed addict to the brain-storms of a spring poet to see anything beautiful in the Mississippi.

If you wish to get a good idea of the impression a view of this region makes upon a beholder, take a copy of one of the mediaeval masterpieces, a portrait for instance; perhaps a Madonna will do. And behind the eternal figure in the painting and forming its background, you will usually see what seems at first glance to be a stiff, conventional landscape. But stand off a bit and look again. The mountains fade into their proper, dim perspective, the fields and the streams show up like toy fields and streams in a toy landscape. And you have the scenery that features this section of Italy where the mountains are not so lofty and so rugged as to appall one and the fields not so flat as to be monotonous. Our journey takes us within the boundaries of the famous Umbrian region of the peninsula; a region whose beauty was the chief inspiration of an entire school of painting. So the panorama resolves itself to a succession of Umbrian masterpieces by the greatest master of all, Nature herself. And more, even the hazy blue veil-effect, so often seen in masterpieces of this or allied schools, was merely copied from nature, for the morning sun, catching the night-mists, gives them

a mystic glow, that, whatever it may be for the health of the natives, is certainly strikingly beautiful. And the natives, it may be mentioned right here, seem to thrive on the air of the region, mists or no mists. They are the healthiest I have seen since coming to Italy.

Here, too, there are vestiges of a glorious time that was. Scattered ruins of towers, fortified hill-cities dating from the feudal days, shapeless ruins scattered here and there in the fields; it takes an expert in history and archaeology to sort them out and give them some significance. One can only wonder what must have been the development in this apparently out-of-the-way region at a time when the very discovery of America was several centuries in the future.

On time to the minute, another surprising feature under the circumstances, the train swings into the little station at the foot of a lofty and discouragingly steep hill. Steep, gray cliffs of gray stone broken here and there by patches of green from some hardy plants, rugged, gaunt, weatherbeaten; covered by battlemented walls, stretch across the sky directly above us. From a tunnel in the rock far above, the tracks of the funicular railway emerge and descend the rest of the slope to the piazza of the railway station. A few buildings are grouped here at the bottom, but there is no doubt about it, the city is at the top; and the sun is getting decidedly warm, and the roads are dusty, and the little funicular is suddenly taxed to its capacity; the practical conclusion is, pick up your bag and walk.

And for once American ingenuity was of no avail; even with five Americans forming the party. For what seemed to be the real road, and as a matter of fact was the real road, led us half around the city, then back again, then almost half around again, ascending, of course, as it went, before we reached the first levels of the town proper. And as a matter of fact, there is a shorter road, starting from the station and leading almost directly up the slope to the town. So if any readers of the LIGURIAN happen to go to Orvieto, they are hereby advised to take the shorter road.

Still the walk was not without its reward. For it is only in the forced contemplation brought about by such a long journey on foot, that the traveler realizes the striking situation of this truly jewel city. Set in the center of an immense plain, bounded on all sides by the distant mountains of the Sabine range, it stands out like an island of rock. Its excellent situation was known from the earliest times, for

in this same place the Etruscans had a city and Etruscan remains are numerous in this vicinity. Along our path, there is a lately discovered cemetery of the Etruscans with a row of ancient tombs. The pottery and other relics found in these tombs have been transferred to the small but very valuable museum in the city itself. In those early days of the survival of the strongest, this precipitous hill formed a natural fortress, that must have been well-nigh impregnable. However, in 280 B. C. we are told the Romans captured and destroyed the city. In mediaeval times, during the struggles of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, Orvieto was the stronghold of the Guelphs; and during those troublous days, the Popes often sought refuge within its walls.

The region below must be rich in fertility, for the terrain looks like an immense checker-board: each square representing an intensely cultivated farm. In between the farms, one can see the peculiar, hollow olive-trees. Money may be scarce, for prices are very low, but unlike in America, the farmers are content to remain on their farms. The city with its uncertain prospects offers little allurements save for an occasional, very occasional, excursion.

On arriving in the city, we found that we had beaten the solitary bus which a few of the vanguard had managed to charter. When one is on foot, one has the privilege of taking short-cuts. In a short time, however, the entire pilgrimage was assembled in the Church of St. Dominic where a solemn high Mass was celebrated. After the Mass, an eminent archaeologist from Rome—a native of Orvieto, however—joined the party and began his series of explanations of the principal features of the town.

After viewing the relics of St. Dominic that are kept in Orvieto, the long procession made its way to the chief center of interest in the city, the Cathedral. This alone is sufficient to give the city a place on any map of the artistic world, and this alone is the feature that draws the traveler, who has the time, away from the highway to Florence to make a sojourn at least for a short time. It is one of the most beautiful edifices to be found in a land where beautiful cathedrals are almost a commonplace. Our guide cleverly led us by a street that brought us to the rear of the Cathedral first.

There the beautiful lines of the Gothic architecture were striking. An additional note of interest is given by the alternate rows of black and white rock that make up the wall. However, the best effect of

this preliminary view from the rear was to heighten the desire to view the facade, for the facade is the masterpiece of the entire structure.

Arriving just before noon when the rays of the sun were striking it at an angle, the facade was interesting enough, but one could see at once that the real beauty would be appreciated only when the full strength of the afternoon sun was thrown full on the building.

Within the cathedral, the same alternate colors struck the eye, and here they positively added to the effect. For the style, unlike the outside, is quite severe. Massive columns rising to a great height and bearing graceful Roman arches and a clearstory that rose again a great distance till it terminated in a wooden ceiling supported by heavy wooden beams after the manner of the old basilicas of Rome, gave the interior an atmosphere of solemnity that was irresistible. Far ahead in the apse, the altar, very simple and apparently insignificant in size on account of the vastness of the sanctuary, stood out against an immense and very beautiful window, reaching almost to the top of the apse itself. The proportions are very deceptive; a photograph of the interior makes it appear like a fair-sized church, nothing more. So careful were these mediaeval, "dark-age" architects in the matter of proportion and harmony, that whereas the columns of the sides of the nave are round, the two last, just before the arch that spans the nave in front of the sanctuary, were made octagonal, in order to form a gradual transition to the columns of the arch itself, which are square.

The stern simplicity of the interior ends at the transept in front of the sanctuary. Here, as though to make amends for the lack of decoration in the rest of the Cathedral, every available spot on the walls and ceiling is covered with frescoes; not merely decorative, but commemorative of events in the history of the Cathedral or of events narrated in Holy Scripture. To the right, there is a chapel now famous for the wonderful frescoes by Fra Angelico, who lived in the fifteenth century. They are compared with the best works of Raphael and Michael Angelo and favorably; and perhaps they might be considered even more striking. For instance, one called the Resurrection of the Dead, it seems to me, can hardly be surpassed. Above are the two angels blowing their trumpets, calling the dead to arise; below, there are skeletons just beginning to move, others emerging from the earth, others already free from the tomb, assembling for the judgment. The guide spends about half an hour, perhaps more, in this chapel

alone, for every painting has a story, and every inch on wall and ceiling is covered with the paintings.

In the chapel to the left, the Blessed Sacrament chapel, is contained the relic of the Holy Corporal, a beautiful silver reliquary, executed by Ugolino di Vieri in 1337, contains the corporal connected with the miracle of Bolsena. If I am not mistaken, a full account of this miracle was given in a recent number of the *Daily American Tribune*. But in case some of the readers missed it, the Miracle of Bolsena refers to an event that took place in 1263. A young priest while saying Mass in a church in the neighboring town of Bolsena, began to doubt about the dogma of the transubstantiation. When he raised the host at the elevation, blood issued from five gashes in the Host, resembling five wounds, and fell upon the corporal. Pope Urban IV, it is said, being then at Orvieto, had a bishop go to Bolsena and bring the corporal to him. Later the Cathedral was built to commemorate the miracle.

Though the corporal is exposed to view only on solemn occasion, on this day, the chapel was left open and the corporal exposed, of course, in its glass-covered silver case, all the afternoon. Dull, brown stains are still discernible. Some say the account of the miracle cannot be scientifically confirmed. Lack of documents, they claim, injures the historicity of the narration. It seems to me, they overlook one document; a document that is illuminated with all splendor of mediaeval skill: the Cathedral itself. It was begun about 1285 and so enthusiastically was the work undertaken that the first Mass was celebrated under its roof some twenty years later. Now recall that there was no funicular in those days; recall the immensity of the structure and the beauty and the quality of the material; compare the time of building with the time used in erecting other Cathedrals in other cities where materials were of easier access, and there remains a fact requiring an explanation.

Lunch time on such an excursion is an experience in itself. Most of the student-pilgrims cannot afford to patronize a restaurant nor do the people evidently expect such trade, for accommodations in that respect are limited. However, the favorite method of providing for the noon-day repast, not only among students but among the Italians themselves—note their thrift—is to bring the articles preferred, whether it be sandwiches à la America, or bread and cheese or something else just as “filling,” then select an attractive wine-shop, where tables and conveniences for eating are always obtainable, order some of the wine

on sale, and the very best is very cheap, and enjoy the meal at ease. This day, every available spot in the city was taken.

A trip at random around the city provided excellent exercise after the extempore banquet. There was no taking siesta this day; the streets were alive with strangers and the natives thoroughly on the job in the interests of turning an honest penny.

This ramble was one of the most charming experiences of the day. Turning from one narrow street into another, one found himself suddenly before the entrance to some old church, and entering, found new treasures to attract and to arouse his piety. There was the quaint old Church of St. Andrew with its ancient, now much damaged frescoes, and its superb pulpit dating from about the ninth or tenth centuries; there was the severely simple yet appealing altar in San Lorenzo; the altar consisting of a simple stone slab resting on a pillar of stone and surmounted by the plainest of stone canopies resting on ancient pillars likewise of stone; each had its story, each its chapter of history written in the stone and plaster of its ancient walls.

Arriving again at the Cathedral, a surprise was in store for everyone. For the sun had now reached the west and the full splendor of the facade was to be seen at its best. There was nothing to do but seek one of the wooden benches across the piazza, sit down and drink in the beauty. Rising from the piazza, the Gothic lines seemed to pierce the now deep blue heavens. But between the lines; what marvelous beauty! Across the front and lower level, on each stretch of surface between the three large entrances and on either end of the structure, were four very intricate collections of carvings in heavy relief. On the first pilaster were a group of sculptures giving the story of Genesis. Through the center of the panel ran a vine; on each branch of the vine, was framed one of the units of the story. On the second pilaster was given the story of the promise of Redemption, again with the mystic vine rising from the bottom of the panel and encircling each unit of the complete story with one of its branches. The third panel gave the history of Redemption and the History of Christ; the fourth, the description of the last judgment. What patience, what skill, what workmanship, what faith is represented in that production. For instance, one unit was given to depicting the resurrection of the dead. There are two sections; to the left, the newly arising can be seen pushing up the heavy covers of their stone sarcophagi; above them, are the just

awaiting to be taken into heaven; across to the right, are the damned about to descend into hell, and below them, those already in hell undergoing their punishment. All of this in stone!

Above the graceful portals of the three doors begins the area of color. Each intervening space, whether in an arch or in the space between pillars or pilasters, is given to a brilliant mosaic; and of the six important representations in mosaic, five are given to the depicting of events in the life of Our Blessed Mother, that located in the very apex of the central tower showing the Crowning of the Blessed Virgin in Heaven.

In the center of the facade and apparently forming the nucleus of the entire symphony of beauty is a magnificent rose-window, framed in a square frame, around which in a series of separate niches are statues of the Fathers of the Church, the Apostles and of the Prophets; that is, immediately around the window are busts of the Fathers of the Church. Then across the top, the twelve Apostles; on the sides, statues of the Prophets arranged in pairs. Each bust has its separate frame in beautiful mosaic; each triangular space between the corners of the frame and the rose window, likewise is filled with mosaic.

A writer on Italian architecture did well to call this production "a petrification of an illuminated missal; a triumphant blaze of beauty obtained by the union and tasteful combination of the three Sister Graces of Art." But he might have added that the principle of union was Faith.

The spell of enchantment was broken suddenly by a remark given in English by one of the natives of the town. Inquiry brought out the fact that he was from America, had been in New York for years, but owing to youth and other reasons, had not yet taken out citizenship papers when it came time for him to perform his military service in Italy. And back he had come. "Now, it is dead heah! No pitchah show, no nuthin'. All that is interestin' heah is that choich, theah. Tha's all they come heah to see. I've been heah fifteen days, an' b'lieve me, it's fifteen days too long. As soon as my papahs come back from Rome, if it's all O. K., I'm goin' back to N'Yawk as fast as I can and get back to my trade."

A hurried visit to the city museum in the company of this interesting New York guide, then benediction in the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, then a final farewell at the Cathedral, and away.

The sun was sinking fast across the western plain; bringing day with its prospects and its promise to a new people in a new land across the sea; but it seemed loath to turn its glance from this glowing masterpiece, this magnificent tribute to the truths of Christianity, the product of ancient skill, of an ancient people, in an ancient city, in the center of ancient, yet somehow, ever youthful Italy. And like the sun, the American visitor, who returns to his country after lingering before that shrine in thoughtful appreciation, will turn his thoughts backwards many and many a time to this unique city just by the side of the beaten path from Rome to Florence. He will realize the truth of the saying, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and Orvieto's tribute to the Blessed Sacrament is a thing of beauty.

The Maid of Orleans

XXIV. MEDIAEVAL PROCEDURE

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

The trial of Joan is one of the saddest of stories, not only because it meant the suffering and death of the noble Maid, but also because it brings before us once more the utter failure of human justice. Justice, the highest of human virtues, blinded by passion, becomes the deadliest tool of human cruelty.

In order to grasp the situation better, we must have some idea of mediaeval judiciary procedure, even if only elementary.

Ecclesiastical processes or trials in matters of faith were conducted with the concurrence and often at the demand of the State. It is easy to see that this confusion of the two powers, ecclesiastical and civil, constituted a real danger. It furnished civil authority a ready occasion of instituting trials for purely political motives under a pretense of great religious zeal, just as it gave unworthy ecclesiastics an opportunity of prostituting justice in order to curry favor with political powers. Hence, came excesses, one of the most abominable on record being surely the trial of Joan of Arc.

This close association of the civil and religious accounts for another fact. The Church, that always marched at the head of every social and civilizing movement, realized that nothing was more harmful to the peoples and the commonwealths of the Middle Ages than heresy;

while the State looked upon it as disruptive. When, then, a person was accused of rejecting traditional dogmas, he was arrested and subjected to an examination by the Bishop, assisted by some priests, theologians and lawyers reputed for their learning. At this examination the Pope was also represented by a delegate, called the Inquisitor.

If the crime was not sufficiently established, the prisoner was at once set free. If, on the contrary, the crime was proved, the prisoner was given time to retract. If he did so, he was released with an admonition or some slight punishment. In case of refusal to retract, the ecclesiastical tribunal, having tried all means to bring him to repentance, finally remanded the prisoner as obstinate to the civil tribunal. While recommending him to the mercy of his new judges, the ecclesiastical power withdrew all protection, since he voluntarily renounced it when renouncing its religious truth.

The civil magistrates then took the case in hand; rarely did they heed the appeal for mercy. In most cases they meted out the most dire punishment to the delinquent: the laws of those times were not by any means tender for crimes of heresy, sorcery and blasphemy, which were looked upon as alike disruptive of the social order. The ordinary penalty was death by fire.

Before the criminal was delivered to the civil power, he had the right of an appeal from the Bishop's tribunal to that of the Metropolitan, and from this to the Pope. In fact, the case had to be submitted to the Holy See when it was of grave importance or when all doubts could not be cleared up.

XXV. THE TRIAL OF JOAN

It was such an ecclesiastical trial in matters of Faith that was now instituted against the Maid of Orleans. Why? Because, on the one hand, her life was so far above all suspicion that she could for no reason be brought before the civil courts. On the other, it was she who was mainly responsible for England's defeat, and she had acted as the messenger of God. It was not enough, therefore, for the English to remove her; they must also annihilate the prestige given the French cause by what seemed a divine intervention, and this could only be done by convicting her of sorcery or magic and thus making her out to be rather a messenger of Satan than of God. It was the aim of the English simultaneously to disgrace Charles the Seventh, the French King, by making him appear as the dupe of a sorceress and common

witch. Besides, there was no ransom for one condemned for heresy or sorcery.

The English King at this time was Henry VI. It is certainly a strange coincidence that the cause of his canonization is being pushed just now by the Catholics of England, so shortly after the canonization of the Maid. But he was a minor at the time, and the powerful Duke of Bedford, whom Joan had repeatedly worsted in battle, was regent. He, so often humiliated by this girl, was the instigator of the trial, and he pressed it with all the vigor of revenge. He represented the civil power at Joan's trial.

On the ecclesiastical side, the University of Paris, which had all along been favorable to the English and was now in their hands, made the charge of heresy and sorcery. Consequently a tribunal was formed which had all the external appearances of a legitimate ecclesiastical court. The judge chosen was the despicable Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a worldly-minded prince of the Church, who hoped by pleasing the English, to become Archbishop of Rouen. To save the honor of England and himself, Cauchon, an astute and crafty man, saw to it that the trial should have the outward semblance of legality.

In reality, it was a false ecclesiastical trial, since it was opened at the order of the English regent and directed by a judge of his choice, without power or jurisdiction; a trial in which the most fundamental rules of law were violated, evidence favorable to Joan destroyed, falsified documents substituted; a trial which was purposely kept from the Holy See that Joan might not be freed and escape their hands; a trial, in fine, during which the most uncalled-for indignity and cruelty were heaped on the helpless Maid, a girl of nineteen.

The trial began January 9, 1431. The purpose of the first part, lasting till May 24, was to prove Joan's fall and crime. Six of the sessions were public; the rest, held almost daily, took place in Joan's prison, in the presence of Cauchon alone or with several assessors.

The assessors, according to the ancient law, were theologians, canonists and lawyers of repute, whose opinion the judge was obliged to ask. Of course, no one who was known to be favorable to Joan was admitted; and several of those who were chosen, having in the course of the trial shown that they were well impressed by the Maid's candid and straightforward replies, were dismissed at once. It was to be a packed jury.

The Inquisitor General, the Pope's representative, had been asked to preside, but he declined to be present. Cauchon decided that he had enough reason to proceed without him.

Joan was summoned. She made two preliminary requests: that there be as many French ecclesiastics as English on the jury, and that she be allowed to hear Mass before appearing. She had been deprived of all religious succor since her confinement. Both requests surely very reasonable; but both were refused point-blank.

Moreover, she should have been put, during the trial, in an ecclesiastical prison, where she would have been attended by women, and she should have been assigned a counsel-for-defense. Some of the assessors pointed out these defects to Cauchon. He refused to listen, saying:

"It would not please the English."

The English Cardinal finally came to his aid. He put the keys of Joan's miserable prison cell into the hands of an ecclesiastic—himself—and so declared it an ecclesiastical prison. Meanwhile she was left under the perpetual guardianship of five rude soldiers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Lost or Found?

EDWARD A. MANGAN

Silently, sadly, almost sullenly, Tom Wheeler wended his way home. The stars were out in all their glory, but they seemed not to shine for Tom. The moon softly beamed forth and shrouded the earth in a silvery mantle of romance and dream but to Tom the beams seemed hard and cruel, laden with all the disenchanting reality of the dash of cold water which rouses the dreamer from his fairyland of dreams. All the earth was full of the freshness and the fragrance of early June but the caressing breeze which carried this freshness and fragrance seemed cold to Tom and wafted nothing but staleness to him. Wrapt in deep gloom, he plodded home.

Tom had been to Mary Holland's graduation. There, too, in the beautiful auditorium of St. Catherine's academy had been lights and flowers, joyous faces, laughter and happiness. For a time Tom had enjoyed everything, had laughed the heartiest laugh, had been gay with

the gayest; but only for a time, then all had changed and the bottom had fallen out of his joy. For the first time he had read aright the message in Mary's eyes.

For a moment, just for a moment, he had stood alone with her after all was over. How fair, how entrancingly lovely she had looked as she had stood there, a vision of beauty all clad in white, her arms loaded with the American Beauties Tom had sent. She had smiled her most winning smile as he came toward her and she had extended her hand to grasp his.

"Thank you, Tom, the flowers are lovely," she had said.

Tom had then smothered her hand in his own and immediately his eyes had spoken louder than any words could, the same language they had been speaking for years.

He couldn't remember the time when he had not loved Mary. Ever since the day when as a little school boy he had rescued her from the rough teasing of some of his school-fellows and had earned the names of "Sissy" and "Mamma's Boy" for his pains, Tom had been under the charm of Mary's eyes.

And he couldn't remember the day when those eyes of hers had not given him a reply which precluded all hope. Tom had never spoken of love to Mary but in her eyes he had read the reply and knew the answer she would give as well as if he had asked and had been refused.

At first those eyes said merely something vague which made Tom fear; then gradually they had begun to say something like this: "Tom, I know you love me but it can never be." And as time went on, those same lustrous, sweet, yet sad eyes had added a little to their message but the little additions had only served to make it all the harder for Tom.

One day Tom had twirled a magnificent ball game—his last—for Gonzaga College, and had singled in the winning run in the eighth inning; and after the game Mary had come up with all the brightness and freshness and loveliness of the first rose of Spring and had told him how well he had done and how glad she was that he had won. Tom had grasped her little white hand and before he knew it had pleaded with his eyes. Immediately Mary had loosed her hand and this time the answer in her eyes had been: "I know you love me, Tom, but it can never be, and you know why."

This was the new wrinkle. "I know why?" It puzzled Tom. "So

I am to blame, then? What in the world have I done? Why can it not be because of me?"

And then his conscience, the little voice within him had begun to speak.

"Yes, you know," it said, "go ahead, get busy and—" But then Tom had stifled the little voice and had tried to forget its admonition. That summer, the one after his graduation from Gonzaga, Tom had stayed away from Communion for three months before he would listen to his poor mother's pleading to keep up the practice of going at least once a month.

And even after that he had seen to it that his Communions were few and far between; and had begun effectually to stifle that little voice.

All the time he had tried to see all he could of Mary though he knew it would be agony to be in her presence and read that answer from her eyes. But Mary didn't give him much chance to see her. Always there was some excuse. Most of the time she had her studies, and when it wasn't that, it was her music. There was some comfort in the knowledge that though she wasn't with him she wasn't with anyone else, but—

"Oh hang it all," Tom would often say, "is she going to become a nun?"

And then the small inward voice would tell him something which he would promptly try to forget.

So another year had rolled around and the time had come for Mary's graduation. Tom had sent the flowers with a little note and had come to sense again the speech of those eyes, with the hope that there would be some change.

No change was discernible. Instead there was another addition, at once better and worse. As he had stood with Mary for that shortest of moments after the graduation exercises and had once more pleaded his unspoken love he had read in Mary's eyes the answer: "Tom, I know you love me and I am glad, and proud and happy in your love, but it can never be, and you know why."

How galling! Now even when she loved him she still said that it could not be. And Tom was sure that she loved him for he could tell by the way she had blushed at his look, something she had never done before. But still he knew that her answer, if he should ask her, would be: "It can never be," for he had read it clearly and unmistakably in her eyes.

Silently, sadly, almost sullenly, then, Tom wended his way home and as he plodded along in the depths of gloom, taking no notice of the loveliness of the night, sick of the world and the stars and the moon, and out of sorts with all humanity, he quizzed himself and pondered and wondered.

"Why," he asked himself, "why will she not marry me? She loves me and I love her; we could be so happy; why can it never be?" and then Tom would indulge in a little profanity.

"And I know why," would surge into his mind; "I know—why—how—what have I done—how do I know?" And then a couple of "Blahs" would escape from between his closely set teeth.

Then came the climax of his meditations: "But she loves me," and he repeated it: "She loves me, and we'll see if it can never be; at least I'll try it, and learn the worst."

Were the stars shining more brightly now or was he just imagining it? At least he was not so glum when he reached home. "After all," he thought, "the world still exists, there are other days; many things can happen." He took all the "razzing" his sister Catherine could give him for the remainder of that evening, and she was proficient in that pastime.

Other days dawned. Tom began to enjoy life again. He was determined to face the issue of all this just as soon as ever he was afforded half a chance.

The opportunity came sooner than he had expected. On the Sunday after Mary's graduation day he called up Mary and asked her to go boating with him on the Lagoon.

"Surely, come along if you want to," said the silvery voice over the wire. "Dad and mother and I are going, and you may join the party if you wish." Then she laughed at his disgusted grunt—it wasn't muffled quite enough.

"All right," he said, "I'll be there," and slammed down the phone. "What's the matter with her?" he ejaculated. "Is she crazy? I wanted to go just with her and she knew it; oh well, I'll see her anyway."

And he went. When they were getting ready for the canoe-ride—they had decided on that in place of the boat ride—Tom made for the canoe by which Mary was standing.

"Oh, no," she said very sweetly, "this is dad's treat; you must take mother; dad and I are out for a lark, aren't we, dad?"

"Nothing else," replied her father, enjoying the situation.

Tom's discomfiture and confusion were so ill-disguised that Mary could not resist the impulse to laugh outright. But her very mirth put her in the greatest danger. She had pushed off the canoe but, heedless of her father's warnings and of the wild gesticulations of the man who had set them off, she was looking back and leaning far over on one side of the canoe, gayly laughing all the while at the fuming Tom. Before she knew it she had capsized the canoe and was in the water. Her father had managed in some way or other to hold on to the canoe and as he could not swim his only course lay in keeping fast hold till help should come to him. But Mary had fallen into the water far away from the canoe. The water was deep and the canoe was floating. Mary could swim just a little but the encumbrance of her dress, coupled with her excitement, made her efforts practically futile and she went down in the struggle.

Just as she had come up again, Tom, who had pulled off his coat and shirt, was in the water stroking rapidly towards her. In her frenzy, she began struggling with him and the fight to save her was doubly hard. He managed to keep her up, however, until the life-guards, so completely taken by surprise, arrived on the scene. Mary was saved and so was her dad, and the cool ducking—the water was as yet pretty cold—was the only bad effect; but Tom was in a stupor for quite a while after the struggle. He was taken home when he had recovered sufficiently and was placed in bed where he remained when Monday morning dawned.

At about ten o'clock Monday morning, Mary came to see her hero. Tom was sitting up in a large "Nap-a-wyle" chair. How lovely Mary appeared in her new picture hat! She had a large bouquet of roses and the bright throbbing color of her face matched that of the flowers. Her eyes beamed and her very presence seemed to fill the room with a more cheery warmth.

Tom gasped at the appearance of this fairy. His lips opened to pour forth at last the words that had trembled on them for so long. Mary felt what he was going to say. "Tom, forget it," she said; "I know what you are going to say and it can—"

"But why can it never be?" asked Tom. "Mary, I love you—" here, Tom's mother, who had followed Mary into the room, quietly

stole out again—"I love you, Mary, and your eyes have told me finally that you love me; what's the matter? Are you going to become a nun?"

"No, you silly, but you are going to be a priest."

"Well, I'll be—" Tom burst out.

"Aren't you?"

"Why no—where in the world—how do you know?"

"Oh you told me that a long time ago."

"Yes, I know, but that was before I fell in love with you; I can't be now; it would be foolish."

"No, it wouldn't; you haven't grown out of the idea; you have been trying to stifle your conscience; it will not work, Tom; we can't be happy."

"Yes, I know all that," replied Tom. "For a time maybe I was unconsciously trying to choke back the voice of God, but I have talked to Father Bremer many times, especially last summer after I had stayed away from Communion so long and had almost contracted the habit of staying away—remember?" Mary nodded. "Well, then, I had a long talk with him and, Mary, sure as I'm living, this is what he said. He told me that he would not advise me to try now for the priesthood. He said if I had the liking for girls in general he wouldn't consider it so seriously, but since it was one particular girl, he was afraid and would rather advise that I go through with the love affair."

Mary was thinking. She had walked to the window and had unconsciously dropped the flowers. As she turned towards Tom there were tears in her eyes.

"Well, Tom, I have never encouraged you; your mother and I thought that would be the best way. You see, we have talked about this, too; now I love you, but I don't want to take any chances; I'm going to see Father Bremer myself and in the meantime we must both pray hard that we shall be strong enough to do God's will whatever it may be. I believe all you said, Tom, but I must see him myself. Good-by for the present, dear, and—and—I'll be back." Then she hurried away.

The young woman, looking toward marriage, must learn that a man may honestly repent of his "wild oats," but that they may still be growing.

Eucharistic Reflections

III. HE ACTUALLY DID GIVE HIMSELF TO US.

A. A. THOMAS, C. Ss. R.

What the heart of man so fondly and deeply desires and what God Himself so deeply yearned for through the long ages of the Old Testament, that Jesus at last accomplished—the institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

It forms a part of that saddest yet grandest, darkest yet brightest hour in the history of Our Lord's life—the night before His passion and death, when He sat among His apostles fully conscious that tomorrow He must die.

Shall He leave us forever? Was it for this He had come upon earth—to bless the children of one generation in the narrow limits of Palestine with the brightness of His presence? Was it for this He had worked so many wonders, to be as it were once more only the God of the Jews! Ah, no! He saw us all, each and every human heart and for each He longed to be its joy and strength. He longed to draw us each to His loving heart. How often He had spoken of it to His heavenly Father when He knelt at night on the mountainside and prayed! How often He tried to make the people understand by repeating again and again, I am the life. If any man eat me he shall live. My flesh is for the life of the world; he that eateth me, the same shall live by me; except ye eat my flesh ye shall not have life in you. Nay, He does not hesitate to say it was precisely for this He had come into the world: I came that men might have life and have it more abundantly.

Now the solemn moment is come. The hour of his love and desire has struck: "With desire have I desired to eat this pasch with you." A holy stillness rests upon the apostles for as they eat at table around the Master they cannot help seeing that His holy face is lit up with a strange light; they cannot help feeling that He is about to perform one of the momentous actions even of His life, in which miracles had become such an ordinary occurrence. There is no simpler, no sublimer story on record:

"Jesus took bread in His sacred and venerable hands, and raising His eyes to heaven, gave thanks to His heavenly Father for this so long desired moment, stretches out his hand, blesses the bread; and

while His apostles, thinking back to the days when He had first promised this were filled with awe and scarce dared to breathe, Jesus speaks those memorable words, words that pierce heaven and the uttermost bounds of time, with the voice that was heard in the beginning of creation: Take ye and eat, this is my body. Take ye and drink, this is my blood which shall be shed for you—this is the blood of the New Testament."

It was His last will by which He leaves us as inheritance not only all He possesses but His very self.

Place yourself at the deathbed of your father. Will He in that moment deceive you? Will he say to you: "Here, child, I have a house, this house I leave to you." You ask him: "Father, where is your house?" "Here it is, child, it is only a picture, a symbol of a house."

So neither will Our Lord. Nay, much less will He say: This is my body, this is my blood which I leave you—and leave us only an image, only a figure of His sacred presence? True, if a mere man had said those words we would not believe; we might even question his sanity. But it is God who speaks.

Moreover, He being the all-holy God, could not allow men to commit idolatry. But, if Jesus is not on our altars in virtue of Christ's words, see, what is the result?

ALL CHRISTIAN AGES.

The apostles understood Him literally and therefore St. Paul says: "Prove yourselves when you eat of this bread. For he that eateth this body or drinketh this blood unworthily eateth and drinketh judgment unto himself."

The first Christians thus understood Him; those heroes of our faith whose holiness, bravery, loyalty we so much admire. And for their faith they were ready to give up their lives; nay, in this very belief alone they found the strength sufficient to bear the most inhuman tortures and death.

The wisest men of all times—men like St. Augustine and St. Thomas knelt in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament; the holiest and the best, men whose sanctity, whose unsurpassed moral grandeur even those not of our faith must confess, knelt in adoration before the Host. And during all the Christian ages of the past the countless throngs of devout people, adored Christ really and truly present on the

altars of our churches even as we today; yes, even as today from the Pope on his lofty throne to the last poor old grandmother; from the most learned professor at our universities to the simplest child admitted to First Communion; in a word, all the three hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world, unite in one voice in saying this beautiful prayer:

"My Lord Jesus Christ, who for the love which Thou bearest to men remainest night and day in this Sacrament, full of compassion and of love awaiting, calling and welcoming all who come to Thee, I adore Thee as my God."

Tell me, if we be wrong, is it not Jesus Christ Himself who has led us into error; is it not God Himself who is responsible for this deception? But our hearts tell us we are not deceived; Christ Himself when He comes to us in Holy Communion assures us of His presence. We must partake of Him in order to experience it. It is enough to convince anyone of it. We must say what Our Lord said to St. Andrew. One day He met St. Andrew, then a mere fisherman: Follow me! He said and St. Andrew followed Him all day long. And when evening was come and the preaching for that day was over, he asked Our Lord: Master, where dost thou live? And Our Lord answered: Come, and see! Come and see—yes, taste that the Lord is sweet. Take and eat; Christ will be His own testimony.

A STRIKING COMPARISON.

Now let us make one very illuminating and very striking comparison. From every church, from every altar, from every tabernacle in the world, our divine Redeemer is constantly making the same appeal to all mankind. He is ever telling them: "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, you shall not have life in you, for my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed."

Who answer like the people: It is a hard saying and who can bear it? Is it not all those who refuse to believe in the Real Presence? Who turn away and leave the Lord? Is it not those who because they cannot understand *how* Our Lord is present in the Blessed Sacrament say: It is impossible!

And who kneel before Him, like St. Peter and the faithful apostles and say: Lord, we do not understand *how* it is, but yet, because Thou sayest so, we believe. For, if we leave Thee, if we believe not Thee, to whom shall we go, for Thou and Thou alone hast the words of eternal life?

Play Square

IV. ABE LINCOLN AND THE CODE (Continued)

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Except for the adventure or misadventure with the Federal Service Operative, Will Wynn's journey to California was uneventful. In due time he arrived at San Francisco where he received a warm welcome from Marty Clarty, his future employer.

"Tom, man, you're a thousand times welcome, as my old grandmother used to say," said Marty, gripping Tom's hand in the clasp that used to frighten his opponents before a single blow had been struck. "I knew you in the old days, and Father Dan and Bull Gary have told me all about you and your wishes. So with faith and honor held high you are going to win."

"Marty, old man," said Tom, "I can't tell you how much I appreciate the chance you are giving me."

"Nonsense," boomed Marty in his hearty voice, "I need a man like you, need him badly. I'm sure you're going straight and that means I couldn't get a better man for my purpose than yourself. So stop talking gratitude and we'll get to work together. I came to Frisco to meet you because I'm not only tickled to death to have you, but I want to talk over matters on the way home. You see, I want you to go right to work. I've a lot of men working for me, but I want a fellow with the same ideals as myself to join with me and to put over this thing in a big way."

"Well, don't you think a man just out of jail a couple of weeks, in fact less than that, is a poor sample to pick for an idealist?" asked Tom.

"Now see here you, Tom Brawley," said Marty. "That's enough on that subject. If you came on your own good recommendation I wouldn't value all the good resolutions in the world, and promises on your point wouldn't count a bit with me till I had tried you out. But Father Dan Dowling vouches for you as one of his own. And believe me, when that dear old Shepherd of the Goats, as they call him, sets to work to reform a man he does a wonderful job. I'm an A No. 1 sample of his work myself." Marty threw his head back and laughed joyously. Then he continued: "Tom, old boy, you and I made the

same mistake. Professional popularity plus the booze handed us a knockout before our time. But we're back in the ring and we're going to win. Yes, Tom, old boy, you and I will win."

"Gee, that reminds me," said Tom; "Father Dan agreed that to bury the past as deep as it could be buried, I had better take another name, and that's the name he gave me."

"What name?" asked Marty puzzledly.

"Why, what you just said," replied Tom. "Will Wynn. That's the name Father O. K.'d."

"Well, if he gave you a name like that he expects big things of you. God bless Father Dan Dowling," exclaimed Marty fervently. "He draws the best there is in a man out of him by showing the man he believes the best of him. But, I'll bet he made you promise one thing you didn't want to do, though you couldn't refuse him."

"Yes," said Tom shamefacedly, "he made me promise to go to Holy Communion every week and I don't think I'm fit."

"I thought the same thing," said Marty, "but that promise has been my salvation. So keep it, Tom; I mean Bill. Come on, here's my car. Hop in and we can talk on the way home."

"Aren't you going home by rail?" asked Wynn. "I bought my ticket and checked my trunks right through to the way station Bull Gary said was right near your place."

"That's all right—let your trunks ride. You can give the checks to my man when we get home and he'll take care of them. But you must be well off, talking of trunks. I came out here with a suit case."

"All I had when I got out of jail was ten dollars, but Gary claims I had many good friends and they chipped in for an outfit of all I'll need. He handed me the checks for two trunks at the station. I don't know what's in them, but he said Father Dan knew all about your work and Gary got the list from him."

"Then you're all set. Father Dan knows just what's needed. I am going to drive you out home in the car. It's only a little more than a hundred miles and Father Dan himself suggested the scheme. Said we could talk things over and you would get off to a flying start."

"Seems to me Father Dan and you are rather close pals," said Wynn as Marty started the car.

"Pals?" queried Marty, as with steady hand he steered the auto through the jam of traffic outside the station. "Man alive! we're more

than that. Didn't Father Dan tell you this is his work and I'm only the manager?"

"No," said Wynn amazedly. "You don't tell me?"

"Just like the Shepherd of the Goats," said Marty. "But wait till we hit the open road and I'll tell you why I feel like a missionary. I had better point out to you some of the sights while we are in the city proper."

So until the suburbs were reached Marty spent his time pointing out the things of interest to Will Wynn. However, they had hardly reached the first level stretch of macadamized road until the latter burst out: "Say, Marty, slip me the dope on what you said about Father Dan being behind this work. I'm bursting with curiosity."

"It's a short story, but a sweet one," said Marty. "Say, Tom, I mean Bill"—correcting himself—"do you ever get the craving for the booze?"

"Not now," said Wynn sententiously. "Fifteen years in stir, where I could not even smell it, cured me completely, added to the bitterness of realizing what booze has done to me and mine. But, at first it almost drove me crazy. I think my first six months in jail I would have sold my soul for a drink."

"Righto," said Marty. "You and I went through the same thing. So I figured you'd get what I meant. You know, too, how I came back and won the championship."

"All I know is what I heard," said Wynn. "According to reports you had gotten out of condition the same way I did—by hitting the booze. Father Dan got hold of you and straightened you out. Then you worked your way up again and won the championship from the Fighting Wop. They say your championship battle was the greatest fight in history."

"They were wrong," said Marty. "The greatest fight in history for me was my fight to overcome myself. You say you know what the craving for liquor means to an habitual drunkard. Well, you and I were different in this. You couldn't drink. I could—but promised Father Dan I wouldn't. But it took nearly a year till I got so I could stand up and refuse a drink that was offered me. Why Bill! after I had been off the stuff for a week or so, the craving became so sharp, I used to get in a car at night, go over to Long Island, drive to a lonely road and run up and down, up and down, till I was so tired I could

hardly hold the wheel driving home. Yet, next day I'd wake up with the craving still on me and I'd slip. Father Dan used to try to get me to go to Confession. But I got so ashamed of myself, I hid from him. Finally he hunted me out and made me promise on my solemn word of honor that, no matter what happened in between, every Sunday morning would see me at the altar. I kept that promise and it made a man of me. Sports helped me a lot, but it was frequent Communion which overcame the devil in me and made me a man. So you see some reason why Father Dan exacted that promise of you."

"Yes, he told me all about his ideas on that subject. I agree with him. I know my resolves are high, but I slipped before. Father Dan said we need frequent Communion to overcome the weakness and drive out the poison in human nature. I know I was a skunk and might become one again."

"Aw, forget that, Pal," said Marty. "You're all right now. Of course, there will be other temptations in your way and you might slip. But Father Dan's idea isn't to keep you good, but to make you better. And Holy Communion is the thing to do that."

"That's what Father Dan said when I told him I wasn't fit to go to Holy Communion often," said Wynn. "Father Dan said Holy Communion would make me fit, so I'll keep my promise."

"Atta boy! You got the right dope," said Marty smiling. "One more word, Tom, and then I'll stop preaching. You see, earthly food is needed for us. It keeps us strong or makes us so. When you and I go in training or put somebody else in training we use certain kinds of food to build muscle or help the lungs or to clear up the blood. You see the food we eat is changed into us. But God did a wonderful thing when He gave us Himself. Holy Communion is different from earthly food in this. That Bread of Angels not only purifies and nourishes us but instead of changing into our flesh and blood it changes us and makes us like to the One we receive—like to Christ in our desire to be more perfect—in the virtues and holiness it builds in us. So Holy Communion made a poor mut of a prize fighter a real honest to goodness servant of God."

Marty paused. Tom, glancing sideways at him, saw a tear trickle down his sunburned cheek. The pair remained immersed in their thoughts for some time as the car sped on through the beautiful hills and dales. Swiftly they traveled southward. When Marty spoke again, the subject was changed by tacit mutual consent.

"Remember, I told you when I first landed in San Francisco with a suitcase?" asked Marty.

"Yes," replied Wynn, "when you were kidding about my trunks."

"Well, that was when I was staging my comeback after I had licked John Barleycorn," said Marty. "Father Dan sent me out here. Made me get a job on a farm in the San Joaquin Valley. He gave me enough money to get to the place, and just enough, to make sure I'd go to work. Then when I was back in fair physical shape he passed me on to an old-timer who ran a one-horse training camp where my main place is located now. There I trained, and believe me, old Bat McCarthy knew how to make a guy train. So I went back East and worked my way up again till I became champ. I made plenty of dough in the ring and held on to it. But it was a kind of selfish life and I wanted to get out of it. I consulted Father Dan and he advised me to take up this work."

"Yes, but you said you were only the manager. That this is really Father Dan's work," said Wynn. "Did you mean that or were you only kidding?"

"Yes—and No," replied Clarty quizzically. "You see there are any number of health camps and training camps scattered over the country. Father Dan's idea was something different. Most places of the sort build up the body and otherwise are interested in their patrons only in so far as they can take away his dough. Father Dan thought I could make lots of money at this game but at the same time do a whole lot of good. You know, he is enthusiastic about the Sportsman's Prayer."

"Of course," replied Will; "I am enthusiastic about it, too, and believe me, it plays a big part in my life and has for years. It makes me give a square deal to the other fellow, try my level best always, and at the same time be regular and willing to take my bumps from the better man and shake hands with the fellow that licked me."

"Not only that, but it keeps you on the lookout to give the other fellow the breaks in the game," said Clarty. "As Father Dan says, it is only the Golden Rule applied in a way that appeals to red-blooded Americans. Now, if everybody could learn that prayer and apply it—a whole lot would be accomplished to make America and Americans better. So that's where my 'Lincoln Athletic College' comes in to help out the plan of Father Dan."

"I begin to get you," said Wynn. "You mean to devote yourself

exclusively to sports and at the same time make your pupils realize that there is no real sporting spirit unless they are carried out on the lines of the 'Sportsman's Prayer.'"

"Right," said Clarty; "but at the same time I wouldn't accomplish much if my pupils got the idea that this was to be applied only to the time they were engaged in sports or in witnessing them. I impress on them that to be a real man one has to apply the rules of the game as laid down in the 'Sportsman's Prayer' to every scene in the drama or the game of life."

"It listens good," said Tom smiling, "but how does it work out?"

"I've been in the game five years and am satisfied with results," said Clarty. "At first, I was a little discouraged now and then but I really believe it's the real American spirit."

"That's just what Father Dan said," replied Wynn. "But aren't you in this thing to make a living as well as to impress the sporting spirit on your students?"

"Sure, and I'm making more money at it than I ever dreamed would come my way," said Marty laughing. "That's where Father Dan comes in."

"You mean to say he gets a cut on the profits?" asked Will incredulously.

"I'll say he does," replied Marty. "Think for a minute, man. Have you ever heard of a parish as poor as that of Father Dan, which was so well provided for as that of Our Dear Old Shepherd of the Goats? Gymnasium, summer camps, all kinds of teams, a band for the boys, one for the girls, dramatics, free movies and the like? I'm saying nothing of the wonderful Lyceum he has built and equipped. Why the property it stands on cost fifty thousand dollars alone! And it's been all done in the last five years!"

"Why doesn't he devote the money to repairing the school or enlarging it?" asked Will.

"Another of his ideas," said Marty, "would go to smash if he did. Father Dan thinks that where the Faith is growing weak among the younger generation it is caused by the fact that they are not called upon to make sacrifices for their religion as their forefathers did."

"There's something in that," said Wynn, thoughtfully.

"There's a whole lot in it. I think Father Dan has the right dope,"

replied Marty. "Our forefathers half-starved themselves, stinted and saved, to be able to build churches and bring priests to them. They built not only churches but schools and parish houses from the money of the poor. Our young folks find everything at hand without having to make a sacrifice for the Faith and so they don't half appreciate it. But Father Dan teaches them their duty to support the Church. So he wouldn't touch a penny of what he gets from me for himself or the parish, except to help the poor and the young. He lives on what they contribute and runs his parish on his collections besides teaching his people to help the poor foreign missionaries and their flocks who need help."

"Father Dan is a wonderful man. He ought to be Pope," said Will. "But did he invest any money in your scheme?"

"No, for he had none to spare," said Marty. "But he invested in me. His help and encouragement made a man out of me when I was a bum. Every nickel I own I owe to him. Besides he helps and directs and guides me in my work. It's only his ideas I'm carrying out. So I say he owns the place and I am only the manager. I wanted to give him half the profits but he would only take a third and bade me use the rest for helping others who were down-and-out to stage a comeback. God bless him."

"But wouldn't you have been able to carry out his ideas better if you had gone to Long Island or some near-by place in New York?" asked Wynn. "He could have visited you now and then."

"I thought of that, but Father Dan picked California and he was right," said Marty.

"How come? I can't see it," said Will.

"Why, he wants me to improve men by using the sporting spirit as a basis of clean thinking and clean living," said Marty. "So the teaching of sports is to be my prime activity. California is the one State in the Union where you can teach any kind of sport any time of the year. There's six different kinds of climate within the limits of this State. A man can go in a few hours from snow-capped mountains and enjoy warm surf-bathing. Take the place we are headed for. You can play baseball the whole year round in the San Joaquin Valley. But it's cool enough, too, even for football in summer. So you see, while I specialize on boxing, I can teach any sport any time right at home in the San Jo region. I have places in all the different sections of the

State, but my headquarters is at Dowlington—a spot I named for Father Dan.”

“But how do you impress Father Dan’s lessons on the average man? You can’t preach to them,” said Will teasingly.

“I have a method that appeals to every man,” said Marty. “If the man’s a Catholic, it makes my work easier. But it takes six months to complete the smallest of my courses and in six months I find that I can change the attitude of the most crabbed to something near human anyhow. But, we’ll talk that over later. Let’s stop here for a bite to eat and we’ll spend the rest of the ride discussing my special plans for you and outlining the details of your work.”

The pair dismounted at a cosy little inn and enjoyed a bountiful repast. When the journey was resumed, Marty launched into a detailed explanation of what he expected of the new assistant. In this way time and distance were eaten up until they came to a rough dirt road, which, Marty said, marked the divide between him and civilization. Rain had fallen and made the road slippery and somewhat risky.

“This is only a short cut, but it’s often used,” said Marty. “I could go another way, but I want you to get home before dark and see my place. You are due for a surprise, I think. Hello! Tough luck. We’ll have to get out and move that stone.” A large boulder had rolled from the hillside and lay in the middle of the road.

Tom and Marty got out of the car and put their shoulders to the stone in an endeavor to roll it over the edge of the hill, when they were greeted by a curt: “Hands up!” Turning, they saw a man with a blue bandana handkerchief covering the greater part of his face. The stranger menaced them with an automatic and they obediently elevated their hands.

“No nonsense now,” said the stranger in a hoarse voice. “Make a move and I’ll drill you.”

“What’s the big idea?” asked Marty angrily.

“Shut up!” said the gunman. “I’m going to relieve you of your cash and car. You can walk the rest of the way, Mr. Clarty. I know where you hail from.”

“And I know where you’ll land,” said Marty, “if you keep this up.”

The stranger answered never a word but proceeded systematically to search Marty and relieve him of his valuables, including his watch, meanwhile being careful to keep him covered with the gun. When he

came to Will Wynn he took the billfold from his pocket, took his cheap watch, glanced at it angrily and threw it away. Then he patted Will's vest and smiled knowingly as his hand felt a wallet inside. As he grasped the buttons and tore at them rudely, his eyes wandered for a moment and his gun wavered ever so slightly. Will wasted not a second. A right hand descending swept the gun aside, a left hand, clenched, smote the robber on the jaw and he collapsed, the gun rattling to the road.

"Good work, Bill," said Marty, grinning calmly. "Now help me lift him into the car and we'll tie him up."

"Where are you going to take him?" asked Wynn. "To jail?"

"Not on your life," said Marty smiling. "Why, Mr. Wynn, this is one of my scholars."

"One of your scholars?" blurted Will amazedly. "Why, man alive, do you run a school for athletics or a crime college?"

"Calm yourself, old man," said Marty. "This is one of my snow-birds undergoing a cure. He is on the way to health, too, but every time I go away he is obsessed of the idea that he has to hold me up on my return and take away my money. Outside that, he's harmless."

"Harmless!" ejaculated Wynn indignantly. "Say, if it's any fun to have a gun poked in your face, I have a dull sense of humor. If all your scholars are like that—I quit."

"Oh, go back and pick up that gun," said Marty, who meanwhile had fastened the hands of the whilom desperado and had likewise tied his feet to the footrest.

Will obeyed and came back smiling foolishly. "Why the darn thing isn't even loaded," said he disgustedly.

"You didn't know that, though," said Marty. "So I know you are a cool-headed, fearless man. I wanted to see you in action to discover if all Father Dan said about you was true. You see, as soon as I had perceived the stone in the road, I knew that Dick was up to his old tricks. So I let him go through with it. Your clip on the jaw won't hurt him. In the morning he'll be as docile as a lamb and begging me not to send him to the asylum."

"Great stuff," said Wynn, smiling, "but please let me know when the next lesson is due."

"It's due right now," said Marty. "Let's roll this stone away where Dick can't find it the next time and we'll go around the bend on foot."

I was going to get out there anyhow. The best view of my place is from this road, that's why we took it."

They rolled aside the stone and trudged around the bend. Wynn gazed from the hillside down into a valley expecting to see a log hut or two and a long rambling shack which made up all former athletic camps of his experience. The sight that met his eyes made him gasp at its sheer beauty.

The setting sun tinted with red and gold a veritable village set in the valley. Buildings of one story, it is true, but of substantial brick stood upon a knoll. Twenty or more they numbered—all of them evidently spacious and gleaming with a thousand windows. At the foot of the knoll, stretching almost a mile at its base, lay the most perfectly laid out athletic field Wynn had ever seen. Best of all, the field simply hummed with activity. Footballs, propelled by lusty feet, sailed through the air. Runners jogged about the cinder track. The crack of the bat on baseball resounded from a dozen diamonds. Jumpers, field-men, all seemed to have gathered as if for an athletic carnival. Above the scene, facing a lake in the near distance, rose a gigantic statue of white. It overlooked the entire scene in lordly grandeur.

"Are you holding a field meet or something in the town?" asked Bill.

"Town nothing! Field meet, be darned!" said Marty laughing happily. "Bill, old man, that's my college and those are my pupils and professors. Behold, your future home. It houses six hundred, all trying to learn and practice the 'Sportsman's Prayer.'"

Will Wynn removed his hat. He gazed silently down for a moment and then began in a hushed and reverent voice the poem:

"Lord, in the battle that goes through life."

"Say, Marty," he interjected, "whose statue is that?"

"Abraham Lincoln," said Marty. "He is the ideal, my ideal and Father Dan's ideal, of all that is best in American manhood. With all the odds against him he played the game as best he knew how. He was clean and square; generous to his enemy. He never tasted the fruit of victory and was done to death by a dirty trick just because he was so square. If ever a man lived the 'Sportsman's Prayer,' Abe did. So he's the model for all my pupils. But come, Will, let's say the good old prayer together and head for home.

Standing with bared heads the two disciples of the Shepherd of the Goats boomed forth in a manly voice their rule of life:

"Dear Lord, in the battle that goes through life,
We ask but a field that is fair.
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,
A courage to strive and to dare;
And if we should win, let it be by the code,
With our faith and our honor held high;
And if we should lose, let us stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SOURCE OF STRENGTH

During the Crimean War, we are told, a French officer, who was a man of great piety, received an order to attack one of the enemy's strongholds. In an instant he was at the head of his men, and rushed forward to the attack. The onset was terrible, but in the midst of the glittering bayonets and the showers of bullets, the officer was as calm as if he were on parade.

His bravery gained the day and the fort was captured. His General, who had witnessed the scene from a distance, went to meet him.

"Colonel," he cried, "What bravery! Where did you learn to be so calm and so self-possessed in the midst of such imminent danger?"

"My General," he answered with sublime simplicity, "I received Holy Communion this morning."

THE SOUL OF OUR CHURCH

"Jesus abides in the tabernacle, is adored there. Folly—says the unbeliever; sublime truth, says the believer. What would our churches be if Jesus Christ did not dwell in them? He is the soul of the building; He consecrates, hallows, vivifies it. Every Catholic knows: there on the altar before which the Perpetual Light glows, the Most Holy is hidden—to It all eyes and hearts turn—to it all marks of devotion and honor intended for God are directed. Without this our churches, though built for the service of God, would be but lifeless meeting-places, built of cold, lifeless stone. But when Christ enters under the form of bread, they become something living, in a sense an extension of His own body, vivified by His body, where the faithful feel themselves taken care of and rendered happy."

Catholic Anecdotes

SOURCE OF HAPPINESS

Albert von Ruville, Professor of History at the University of Halle, after his conversion to the Church, wrote an account of his conversion in his book, "Back to the Church." In it we find a glowing tribute to the Blessed Sacrament, in which he says:

"Through my conversion and first Communion a change occurred which positively astonished me. From both actions (Mass and Communion), but especially from Holy Communion, a certain energy went forth which raised the soul to heights of happiness which till then were unknown and unintelligible. Only then did I understand the power which the Catholic Church has over men of every class, every condition, every degree of culture. She has a gift to dispense like which there is nothing on earth, * * * a bodily-spiritual gift, which hallows the body while it floods the soul with heavenly light. Jesus provided in the fullest measure for man's condition. He gave Himself as food, and imparts to those who receive Him, the certainty of faith and a guarantee of Christian truth in the really palpable happiness He confers."

And again he writes:

"The graces imparted in the Blessed Sacrament, confer on the soul an indescribable satisfaction and strengthen at the same time the entire religious life of man. Everyone can experience this for himself, if only he will acknowledge it as the true Flesh and Blood of Jesus Christ and humbly submit to the prescriptions of the Church. The Blessed Sacrament thus proves itself to be a true nourishment, working upon the soul and giving even to the simplest a sure pledge of his Faith—nay, giving it to the simplest especially, because he is most ready to fulfill the conditions.

Success in life is based on understanding others. And the understanding of others is best secured by listening to them.—*Adapted.*

To be able to listen indicates self-control.

Pointed Paragraphs

OUR FATHER'S MESSAGE

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, sent the following message to America for the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago:

To our very dear children of the United States and particularly those of the city and archdiocese of Chicago, who, inspired by living and active faith, supported by the resources of a generous country and one that has been singularly blessed by God, after untiring and elaborate preparations, are about to render the most solemn tribute of adoration and of love to the Sacramental Lord and Redeemer by holding in that great city the International Eucharistic Congress for the first time within the confines of their vast and glorious republic, go today the thoughts of our mind and go the affections of our heart in fullest transports of holiest joy and of fatherly satisfaction, with the augury that this historic event, which happily synchronizes with the 150th anniversary of the birth of their still youthful and already powerful nation, may bring to all and everywhere in ever-increasing abundance the fruits of the redemption and those gifts of unity and peace which the Blessed Sacrament mystically symbolizes and which are the first requisites and the true foundation of all prosperity.

For this blessing we pray with all our soul and bestow on all the apostolic blessing.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

President Coolidge sent to the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, a message that might well be thought over, now that the excitement of the Congress is at an end. His message, read by Secretary of Labor Davis at the civic opening, reads as follows:

"It is reported to me that this will probably be the largest religious gathering of recent days in America. Our country long has been under the imputation of putting too much emphasis on material things.

"Perhaps we have been the subject of that kind of criticism not so much because we are really more interested in material prosperity than

others, but because in that direction we have been more successful than others. But no doubt a most conclusive answer to such criticism lies in the fact that material prosperity cannot succeed unless it rests upon spiritual realities.

"It is impossible to create a commercial system which is not built on credit, confidence and faith. Without the elements of honor and honesty there can be no economic advance. If the requirements of character be withdrawn from our business structure, the whole fabric would collapse.

"The same principle applies to our government. The day of the despot has passed. No country attempts to rely on force, but on reason, to justify its institutions. No government can long endure unless its people are convinced that it is a righteous government. If our country has achieved political success, if our people are attached to the Constitution, it is because our institutions are in harmony with their religious beliefs.

"It is for these reasons that the religious life of a nation is so important. Its free exercise is guaranteed by the fundamental law of the land. If America is advancing economically, if it is the abiding place of justice and freedom, it is because of the deep religious convictions of its people."

YEARS OF ACHIEVEMENT AND PROMISE

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, in his ringing words, reviewed briefly some of the achievements of Catholics in the United States. He said:

"The Catholics of Maryland respected the conscience of all men and women in that province. They allowed the men and women of the various Protestant persuasions the same liberty that they asked for themselves. In according toleration to all faiths, the Catholics of America built a monument of religious freedom.

"Catholics have reason to be proud of the growth of their faith in America. From humble beginnings the Church has grown until today it has nearly 19,000,000 communicants.

"Many of the leading citizens of our country today are of your faith. They are graduates of our universities. They are to be found in editorial chairs; they are leaders in the arts and sciences; many are

illustrious men of letters; they have taken an eminent rank in the professions and in business.

"Catholics are found in our halls of legislation and on the bench. Two of their number have been justices of the Supreme Court. On every field of battle in which America has engaged they have shed their blood and on more than one hotly contested field a Catholic general has led the American arms.

"The Catholic Church has stood like a wall of adamant against the vicious revolutionary procedure of this class, which are urged ostensibly in behalf of labor, but which really owe their origin in the will of a few to power.

"Allow me to congratulate you heartily on the great success of this International Eucharistic Congress. Nothing like it in the way of a purely religious celebration has ever been seen in America before, and its influence is destined to be profound. It was on your part a great spiritual venture.

"You have come to us as the representatives of the Church which has the greatest number of communicants who bear the Christian name. It was one of your faith who discovered the new world.

"Your influence in America is not confined to those of your own communion. The lives of your saints are honored everywhere. The narrow prejudice and intolerance of another day have vanished like mist before the morning sun. You have found, and I hope you will always find, in America, the freedom which you require to teach your faith to young and old and to be missionaries to us all."

While you listen you study others. And while you talk you study nothing. The one to whom you are talking too often only studies you to your own disadvantage.

"Age appears best in four things—old wood best to burn, old wine best to drink, old friends best to trust, and old authors best to read."—*Bacon*.

"No boy or girl in the few years that he or she has known the world can possibly have WISDOM."

Listening indicates politeness, respect for the person who talks.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

IN FEAR AND ANXIETY

The middle of the thirteenth century saw the Tartar Invasion of the plains of Hungary. Winning battle after battle these barbarians soon stood on the borders of the crown-lands of Bohemia and Moravia. Everywhere there was fear and anxiety for the safety of the beloved fatherland. Undaunted by the countless hordes of the enemy, Wenceslaus II gathered his armies and set out to meet the enemy. Scarcely had patriots been gathered together for the defense of their homes and altars when already the foe poured into the land through the passes of the native mountains and took up the very position which had been determined upon as the location of Christianity's main bulwark. Still the Christian army did not falter but set about fortifying another position almost as strong as that which was denied them by the untimely arrival of the invaders.

The mountain selected was the home of a national shrine erected in honor of the Mother of God. At the foot of the mountain flowed a little stream of water which was to serve man and beast during the days of the campaign.

They did not have to wait long till the enemy approached with hostile intent. And thanks to the inspiration of patriotism and their piety they repulsed the invaders. But even in the hour of their triumph they began to feel the sufferings of a thirst which the little stream could not quench; for it had almost dried up under the requirements of so large a contingent of men and beasts. Some of them said it would be better to give in to the invader and depend on his mercy for the preservation of their lives, so great was their suffering. This was reported to their valiant leader. Immediately he organized a short pilgrimage to the chapel which crowned the hill. Most of his men followed his example. They prayed long and fervently together. And when their prayer had been ended the heavens sent a reply which could not be mistaken. An unusual thunderstorm filled their source of supply

and at the same time struck terror into the hearts of their foes. No longer complaining of their hard lot, they set out and drove the enemy back. They destroyed his supplies, saving the country from any further invasion.

Their prayer in Fear and Anxiety was a strong prayer and effective. It obtained for them not only the relief they needed, but it also obtained the help of heaven against the foe whom they had, thus far, held at bay but not conquered.

And their thanksgiving was one worthy of the great benefit Heaven had bestowed through the intercession of the Blessed Mother.

Is it any wonder, then, that Mary is called, and rightly called, the Perpetual Help of Christians? She has not only helped nations in their distress, but also countless individuals who came to her and asked her to plead their cause in heaven. How many a father, worrying about his finances, has found her ready to hear and answer his prayer! How many a mother, anxious about the virtue of her daughters, has gone to her and been heard! How many a child, fearing the dangers of the world, has asked for protection in whatever walk of life it should choose and has found in her a Mother far better than earthly mothers can be!

"Let us go with confidence to the throne of grace," which is Mary, "and we shall find help and grace in seasonable aid."

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I wish to thank the Most Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady of Perpetual Help for coming safely through a severe confinement."

"I promised publication in honor of our dearest Mother of Perpetual Help, if cured of a skin cancer without radium treatment, which the doctor said was the only remedy that might prevent it from spreading all over my face.

The doctor has now pronounced it perfectly cured, and no radium treatment was needed. Thanks to our Mother of Perpetual Help."—
Sr. M. C.

"Thanks to you, Mother of Perpetual Help, for the prompt recovery of one very dear to me from a serious illness."

Catholic Events

A SUMMARY OF THE CONGRESS

Thursday, June 17th, Chicago welcomed the Cardinals as they stepped off the Red Train, which arrived at eleven o'clock. The crowd had been gathering for hours before. Cardinal Bonzano, the Papal Legate received a warm welcome from the immense throng, who seemed to realize that he was the personal representative of the Holy Father. The procession then moved on—the Cardinals and Prelates in automobiles—to the Cathedral. All along the line of march, the crowds stood on both sides of the street waiting to catch a glimpse of the Cardinals and to get their blessing. Each one received an ovation. It was the greatest demonstration ever witnessed.

Arrived at the Cathedral, Cardinal Mundelein extended the formal welcome to the Papal Legate in a brief address.

* * *

Friday, June 18th. This evening the Civic Reception for the Papal Legate and the Cardinals took place in the Coliseum. Mayor Dever spoke for the city; Governor Small spoke for the State of Illinois, and Secretary of Labor Davis, read President Coolidge's message. He then asked leave to say a few words for himself; they were ringing words that must have gladdened every Catholic heart. We quote these speeches elsewhere in this issue. Cardinal Mundelein responded cordially amid enthusiastic applause. But when Cardinal Bonzano arose to speak, the crowds rose in seats and aisles and with tossing of hats, waving of flags and bunting and papers, gave vent to their feelings of joy.

* * *

Sunday, June 20th. The solemn Pontifical Mass at 11 o'clock, in the Holy Name Cathedral, marked the formal opening of the Eucharistic Congress. The Bishops, Prelates and visiting Clergy with representatives of the 600 newspapers and press associations alone filled the Cathedral to overflowing, so that it was impossible to admit any lay people. More than one hundred fifty thousand people were gathered outside and followed the services as best they could, kneeling on sidewalks, lawns and even in the streets. The Mass was sung by Bishop Heylen of Namur, the President of the permanent commission of the Eucharistic Congress. This was the tenth time that he opened the Eucharistic Congress.

This afternoon the sectional meetings for the different languages and nationalities were opened in the various auditoriums of the city. The Cardinals of the various nationalities were there able to meet their

people for the first time. The German, French, Italian, Polish and Bohemian meetings were especially well attended, so well, in fact, that overflow meetings were necessary.

According to reports received at the Archdiocesan Chancery Office Cardinal Mundelein's promise of 1,000,000 Communion was fulfilled. More than 6,000 Masses were offered in the 363 churches of the Archdiocese and the faithful thronged to the Communion-rail in every one.

In the evening, Holy Hour was celebrated in all the churches, at which visiting Bishops preached.

* * *

Monday, June 21. The great event of the day was the children's Mass. Sixty thousand children sang the Mass. The stadium was crowded with 150,000 worshippers and outside, on the grounds surrounding it, another throng, estimated at between 150,000 and 250,000 men, women and children, stood and knelt, following the service. Commissioner of Public Works, A. A. Sprague, of Chicago, declared that it was the greatest crowd ever assembled for a religious ceremony. Six expert counters estimated it at 500,000. Archbishop Mannix, of Australia, saw the crowd, then suddenly burst into tears, unable to command his emotions. No one could see that crowd and not be touched.

Tuesday, June 22. This was Women's Day. It is said 12,000 nuns were present to sing the Mass. About 176 orders of Sisters were represented. It would take too long to even name them. One reporter says: "The Eucharistic Congress, brilliant and profound in the enactment of the third day of pageantry, achieved the limit of regal grandeur and princely rituals on Soldiers' Field. Some say that there were 200,000 and over gathered in the great open air Church of Soldiers' Field. And they say that over one-half million tramped the grass, the sidewalks, the pavements and the bridges to the east, the south, the west and the north of the field. But no one will ever know the exact number."

During the Mass, the following cablegram from the Holy Father was read: "To His Eminence George Cardinal Mundelein: The august Pontiff, present in spirit at the solemn inauguration of the Eucharistic Congress is assured by the triumphal reception accorded to the pontifical Legate of the complete and full success of the Eucharistic Congress; and prays that God bestow His abundant blessings upon these extraordinary spiritual activities, certain that the love which inspires all this will be productive of great spiritual fruits and with paternal affection again bestows upon you the apostolic blessing."

A feature representative of the spirit of the women was the throng that made its way up to the altar of the Mass in order to kneel before it and kiss it.

Tuesday evening, well over two hundred thousand men members of the Holy Name Society, gathered in and around Soldiers' Field for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. It was one of the most inspiring scenes of the Congress, that presented one pageant after another in ever growing grandeur, to see this host of men, with lighted tapers, kneeling round the altar, under the dark canopy of the night sky. The men came away stirred with emotions that baffled expression.

Wednesday, June 23. This was Higher Education Day. Chicago's Catholic High School and College Students to the number of 70,000 were present. Dressed in distinctive uniforms, they presented a magnificent spectacle. It is no use trying to estimate the crowds that attended. Damon Runyan says: "There are present in Chicago hundreds of men, anyone of whom would ordinarily be worth a column in any newspaper as a matter of news or what they call human interest, but they have been passed with the scantiest of notice. It is big,—big beyond individuals, politics or an consideration other than spiritual devotion and the church. * * * The field was closely packed by beautiful young girls, the very flower of the flock of the Chicago diocese, on one side, and by fresh-cheeked, clean-limbed young men, the Pride of the Middle West, on the other. * * * All the old adjectives and the old phrases have to be brought into play to give the reader even a casual idea of the gathering." One of the outstanding addresses of the day was that of the Hon. Joseph Scott, K.S.G., of Pasadena, Calif. Before the Mass began the flag-raising took place, performed by a color guard from Great Lakes Naval Station.

Thursday, June 24. This was the crowning day of all. In fact it is almost impossible to describe the closing ceremony of the Congress which was enacted at Mundelein, Ill. To speak of the numbers who were present seems useless. At 9 o'clock it was announced that there were between 700,000 and 800,000 on the grounds. And they were still pouring in from the dozen entrances. The number must have reached a million. More astonishing almost was the variety of nations, languages, races, classes, colors, conditions and ranks represented. It was a most striking exemplification of the universality of the Church.

The Mass was celebrated at the entrance of the Seminary chapel, in the Presence of the eight Cardinals, almost 300 Bishops, and thousands of priests of the secular and religious clergy. The procession, the culminating point of the Congress, began at 2 o'clock. After the various lay organizations came the religious priests of all orders and congregations, then the secular clergy, monsignori, bishops and archbishops, the Cardinals with their retinues.

The people were massed on both sides of the path followed by the procession. As the clergy marched, they sang or prayed and the crowds joined reverently. This must be said for the faithful who were present—a more reverent and devout people could not be found anywhere. But the best evidence of their faith and good humor was given when the rain and hail began to fall. If the clergy continued their march—if the Cardinals even refused all shelter—the faithful stood their ground also, despite ruined clothes. Nor did they put on a martyr's airs; they laughed and joked. People and priests sang through the rain and hail, again and again, "Mighty God we praise Thy Name," especially repeating the last line (a wag must have thought of it) "Everlasting be Thy reign."

After a drenching rain of ten or fifteen minutes, the sun appeared again and benediction was given under a blue sky. We did not meet a single person who grumbled about heat or rain or weary walk.

Some Good Books

In the Workshop of St. Joseph. By Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D. Published by Benziger Brothers. Net, \$2.75.

A short foreword to this new book by Father Heuser so well expresses its scope and purpose, that we feel we can not do better than quote it in its entirety.

"In the Workshop of St. Joseph introduces the reader to the hidden life of the Holy Family by familiarizing him with the conditions of time and place referred to briefly in the Gospel. The incidents related are not matter for the biblical critic, but they will be found in the main to agree with the historical data of the period to which they refer. As such they offer a helpful background to the understanding of the facts and teachings of the inspired records, which they explain rather than supplement by the accredited traditions of the Jewish and the Christian Church."

The Difficult Commandment. By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, Price, 60c; postpaid, 70c.

"Notes on Self-Control especially for Young Men" is the subtitle of this book of some 75 pages. The well known author frankly recognizes an undeniable problem and as frankly offers the results of thought and experience for its solution. The suggestions are meant primarily, as the author tells us in the preface, not for schoolboys nor yet for grown-up men, but on the whole for young men from eighteen upwards. We heartily recommend it to those for whom it was meant and likewise to priests and educators who have their interest at heart.

Reverend Michael J. Sheehan, C.Ss.R. A Modern Apostle. By Rev. Francis J. Connell, C.Ss.R. Published by The Mission Church Press, Boston.

The Foreign Mission Field cannot lay exclusive claim to noble hearts

throbbing with true apostolic spirit and zeal. They are to be found in our midst as well, and such beyond doubt was Father Sheehan, the subject of this brief yet inspiring biography. During some forty years spent in the sacred Ministry—as missionary, as confessor, as pastor of souls—Father Sheehan gave himself with mind and heart to the service of his God and his fellowmen. Hence we sincerely share the author's hope that, since the example of a good man is a most powerful incentive to uprightness and integrity, the perusal of this account of Father Sheehan's life may strengthen the readers in the practice of virtue and bring them nearer to God.

Poets and Pilgrims. By Katherine Bregy, Litt. D. Published by Benziger Brothers. Net, \$1.90.

Every word in this lovely book is interesting and instructive. If you read it you will live and breathe and think with the writers whom the book recalls. The articles are short too so that one sitting will be as profitable as it will be pleasant. Lovers of Chaucer and Shakespeare will be especially delighted with this book.

Sister Benigna Consolata Ferrero. Translation by M. S. Pine. Published by John P. Daleiden Co., Chicago.

In the April Liguorian we noted some smaller works relating to Sister Benigna Consolata, who was a Religious of the Visitation of Como, Italy, 1885-1916. Here we have a detailed history of her saintly life and of the marvelous manifestations of the Saviour's Love towards a soul that sacrificed herself without reserve to the Will of God. These marvels remained hidden during her life but now that she has passed away, they are being made known for God's greater glory and for the welfare of souls.

Rosary Novenas to Our Lady. By Charles V. Lacey. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 15c.

Lucid Intervals

"Does yo' still refuse, sah, to pay me dem two dollahs I done loaned yo' de Lawd on'y knows when?"

"Nussah!" dignifiedly replied Brother Bogus. "I doesn't refuse; I jess refrains."

"What is your name, my boy?" asked the visitor to the hotel, when the page brought his boots.

"They call me Billiard Cue," answered the boy.

"What a funny name! Why do they call you that?"

"Because I work so much better with a tip."

An Irishman and his wife were at the theater for the first time. The wife noticed the word "Asbestos" printed on the curtain.

"Faith, Pat, and what does Asbestos on the curtain mean?"

"Be still, Mag, don't show your ignorance. That is Latin for welcome."

A young lawyer, pleading his first case, had been retained by a farmer to prosecute a railroad for killing 24 hogs. He wanted to impress the jury with the magnitude of the injury.

"Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen. Twenty-four; twice the number there is in the jury box."

Customer: This seven-dollar fountain pen you sold me for ninety-nine cents leaks.

Salesman: Ah, yes, you need one of our patented rubber writing gloves. Thirty-five cents, please.

Although Tim and Pat were known to be great friends, it was remarked that one morning they passed each other on the street without speaking.

"Why, Tim," queried a friend in astonishment, "have you and Pat quarreled?"

"Faith, we have not," replied Tim, earnestly.

"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed this morning."

"Well," explained Tim, "that's the way we're goin' to hold our friendship."

"I don't understand."

"Ye don't? Well, thin, it's this way. Pat an' me are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought av a quarrel, an' as we're both mighty hot tempered we've resolved not to speak to wan another at all, for fear of breakin' our friendship."

She: What is the matter with you?

He: Well, this collar is pressing my Adam's apple so hard that I can taste cider.

"Sistah Jones, I'se takin' up a collection fo' de benefit of our worthy pastah," exclaimed one of the brethren. "You know, he's leavin' us fo' to take a church down in Mobile, an' we thought we'd get together and give him a little momentum."

Dennis O'Grady, not a Bavarian, had joined the Potsdam guards. When it came time for the Emperor to inspect his bodyguard O'Grady was in a pickle, for he knew no German. A friend volunteered to prime him for the questions the Emperor would ask.

"First, His Highness will say, 'How long have you been in the service?' Next, he will ask how old you are, and finally, if you are satisfied with food and discipline. He always asks those questions."

Inspection day came. The emperor stood admiringly before O'Grady, who was a fine figure of a man. Unfortunately, the Emperor varied his routine a little that day. The first question he asked O'Grady was:

"How old are you?"

"Six months, Your Highness," answered O'Grady in well-practiced German.

The Emperor looked amazed. "How long have you been in the service?"

"Thirty years," said Dennis.

The Emperor exploded. "Are you crazy or am I?" he exclaimed.

"Both," replied O'Grady with enthusiasm.

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* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$1,951.06; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,483.28; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis, Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower; \$2,946.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$278.55; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$924.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$3,750.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$20.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$4.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$750.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$634.25; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$300.00.

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